

Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetical.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

Time's hand is ever there, sweet Kate,
Yet let the sign remain;
It gives me no more a thrill,
Nor should it yield thee pain.
The very white, I grant thee, Kate,
Yet please not to pry,
Why should thy loving heart regret
That I am turning grey?

Vote Castro, Kate, have 'em their right,
Since thou and I first met;
And darkened moons have eyed since then,
And murky shadows on thy face,
Yet light from that same heart of thine,
Has been around my heart.

The wife may view with unconcern,
Tina's sign on the brow,
Whoever gave the weaver's heart
A single barb of wood;
And I (angels work, sweet Kate,
Night kept the place so dark,
That we'er had placed in triumph there,
His banner of grey.

Then let the stranger live, sweet Kate,
And its neighbors dark,
Until they, too, in time shall pale,
As though 'twere never there,
'Tis very white, I grant thee, Kate,
Yet please not to pry,
Why should thy loving heart regret
That I am turning grey?

Miscellaneous.

ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN.

Towards the latter part of the summer of 1840, a lad of prepossessing appearance entered the beautiful town of G—, situated at the foot of Seneca Lake, near the centre of the State. He had traveled from the western part of Ohio, where his father, a widower, had died from one of those malignant fevers so common in newly settled countries, while overseeing the cultivation of a large tract of land, in order to regain a fortune lost during the disastrous speculations of 1834.

Being an only son and left among strangers after the death of his father, George Wentworth resolved to leave Ohio and remove to the State of New York, for the purpose of trying his fortune in any manner that chance might offer. He had passed through several towns and villages on his route without meeting anything to attract his attention till reaching G—.

This fine town, with its lovely lake and fine scenery, struck his fancy, and so he determined to obtain employment, if possible, and make it his future home.

While walking along the principal streets of the place, a shady avenue overlooking the lake on which are located several fine churches and other public buildings—he saw a large crowd assembled around a newly erected liberty pole, in front of one of the principal hotels. On approaching the spot he found that it was a political meeting, held for the purpose of erecting the pole and making party speeches.

Our hero forced his way into the crowd just as they were raising the "stars and stripes," with the names of their favorite candidates, to the top of the flag-staff. The flag had scarcely reached half way, the enthusiasm being at its height, when the cord twisted and caught in the little wheel at the top. They pulled and tried every way, but were unable to raise or lower the flag a single inch. The excitement and cheering ceased, and all eyes were raised to the half-masted flag. A portion of the opposition party who were grouped together a little in the rear of the main body, began to jeer and joke about the apparently bad omen, to the evident discomfort of their opponents.

At length Judge G—, editor and publisher of the G— Journal, then a candidate for Congress, offered \$50 to any one who would climb the staff and draw the cord through the wheel.

The utmost silence reigned for several minutes, but no one advanced to make the daring trial. "Who will volunteer?" shouted the Judge, strongly excited, as a peal of laughter went up from the opposition.

The chuckle had scarcely died away, however, before George with his cap and shoes off, stepped before the Judge, and with a confident look, exclaimed: "I, sir, will climb it!"

"You, my lad, you are not strong enough."
"Oh! yes, sir, I am used to climbing."

"Then go ahead, my little Spartan," said the Judge, at the same time giving him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

Steadily, hand over hand, his feet clutching the pole in a manner that proved him to be an expert climber, George made his way to the top of the staff, which was so slender that it swayed to and fro with his weight. Nothing daunted he raised his legs right and left around the pole, and with his right hand untwisted the cord. Shouting fearlessly to those below to hoist away, he clung on until the flag fairly reached the top, and then slowly descended.

The cheers that now rent the air were terrific; opposition and all, joined in one universal shout. After the excitement had somewhat subsided, the Judge looked at the boy with admiration, and took out his pocket-book to pay the promised reward.

George noticed the action and exclaimed: "Keep your money, sir; I want no

pay for helping to raise the American flag."

"Nobly said, my little man; what is your name?" inquired the Judge.

"George Wentworth, sir; I am an orphan, and have just arrived here in search of employment," replied our hero, his bright eye glistening with a tear.

"Well, you shall live with me," exclaimed the Judge. "I will take care of you for the future."

Five years passed from the time that George Wentworth became a member of his benefactor's family. In the meantime

by his political opponents, and George had been initiated into the mysteries of the "art preservative of arts." He had become a favorite with the citizens, and was looked upon as the adopted son of the Judge. It was even whispered in private circles that he was to be the envied husband of the beautiful and accomplished Ida, the Judge's only daughter.

But this George had not dreamed of. 'Tis true he never felt so happy as when in her presence, and it did make his muscles twitch to see the foppish students from the College swarm around the acknowledged ideal of his heart.

Poor youth! had he known the real state of Ida's feelings, the thought would have almost turned his brain; and could he have interpreted the gleam of joy that flashed from her eyes whenever he uttered a noble sentiment or sally of wit, it would have filled his soul with ecstasy and delight.

One fine day in the latter part of June, Ida, her father and George were enjoying a sail on the lake in their trim little yacht—the "Swan," which had won the "cup" at the last regatta under the management of our hero, who was at present standing by the mast gazing at the beautiful scenery on the opposite shore, the Judge held the tiller, and Ida was leaning over the side of the boat, trailing her pretty hand through the clear water of the lake, when a sudden gust of wind carried the yacht so that she lost her balance and fell into the water. George heard the splash made by Ida, and before the Judge could utter a cry, had kicked off his light summer shoes, and plunged in to rescue her, being a skillful and vigorous swimmer.

Ida, who had been struggling and before her clothes would allow her to sink, and extruding her waist with his left arm, struck out with his right and kept her above water till the Judge turned the boat and came to their relief. In a few moments they were safely in the boat again, and Ida soon recovered from the effects of her unexpected bath.

The old Judge embraced George, and exclaimed, with tears starting fast from his eyes:

"God bless you, my dear boy, you have saved my daughter's life, how can I ever repay you?"

"By saying nothing about it," replied George. "I owe you a thousand fold more than I can ever repay, and am too happy in being able to render even this slight service."

The lovely Ida could say nothing—her heart was overflowing with affection for the old volumes. Her father observing her earnest loving glance began to guess the true state of affairs—He was not prepared for it, and in silence turned the boat to the shore—They soon reached home with feelings far different from those they had started with.

The following morning, George received a notice to meet the Judge in his study. His heart beat wildly—what could it mean?

The Judge was determined to put him to a severe test. As soon as George entered the library, he commenced:

"Since becoming an inmate of my family, George, you have conducted yourself in a worthy manner, performed every duty cheerfully, and neglected none. You are now of age, and are capable of doing business for yourself. I have placed five thousand dollars in the bank at your disposal; you can use the sum as you think proper, or let it on interest, and take charge of my office at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; in either case you must leave my house for the present time. What do you say to my proposals?"

George was completely bewildered, and stammered forth a request to be allowed a few hours for consideration. This being granted, he retired to his room and threw himself on the bed in a paroxysm of grief. Could the Judge have guessed what he himself had scarcely have dared to hope? What right had he to his benefactor's daughter and fortune?—None! He would smother his feelings and earn an honorable living by his own exertions.

Various were the rumors set afloat by the scandal mongers of G—, as to the cause of young Wentworth leaving his patron's mansion, but their insinuations were unheeded. George now devoted himself wholly to business and study. His brow wore a more thoughtful expression, and his cheeks grew a shade paler.

The Judge acted with him in a straight forward, frank manner, yet never addressed him in the kind fatherly tones as had been his wont before the incident that occurred on the lake. If he chanced to meet Ida in his walks, a friendly glance and nod were all that passed; still he felt that his cheek betrayed him, for the warm blood gushed

from his loving heart, and tinted his cheeks with a tell-tale blush; and he cherished the pleasing thought that her look was beaming with hope.

A little more than a year had passed from the time George had left the home of those he loved.

It was the eve of another election; excitement ran high, and Judge S— was again a candidate for Congress. For several weeks a series of able written articles had appeared in the Judge's paper. They were addressed to all classes—farmers, mechanics, and laborers. The original and vigorous style, clear and convincing arguments, deep and profound

carried conviction to the hearts of whom they were addressed. All the newspapers of the party in that Congressional District copied them, and curiosity was on tiptoe to discover the author, as they were simply signed by two little stars. They were elected by a large majority.

Late one night, while Ida and her father were returning from a party given in honor of his election, they observed a light in the printing office. As the establishment was usually closed at twilight, it appeared strange that it should be lit up at that hour, so the judge determined to learn the cause. Requesting his daughter to accompany him, they ascended the stairs and entered the office quietly. A slight net their view which caused the heart of one of them to beat violently. At the desk, a short distance from the door, sat George, fast asleep, with his head resting on his arm. As Ida's father stepped forward to waken the sleeper, he observed several political articles lying on the desk, and a freshly written article with the mysterious stars attached. The truth flashed upon the Judge in a moment—he was indebted to George for his success! He beckoned to Ida, who came trembling to his side. Just then they saw by the light of the flickering lamp a smile pass over the slumberer's face, and he muttered the words, "dear Ida," in a tender tone.

"Oh, father," exclaimed the loving girl, affectionately throwing her arms around her parent's neck, "do let George come home again; it's surely no sin for him to love me."

Awakened by the sound of Ida's voice, George looked round, confused and he saw Ida and her father, he endeavored to hide the manuscripts. But the Judge stopped him by saying laughingly:

"It won't do, you young rascal; you are fairly caught, but don't talk in your sleep, will ye—ha! ha! ha!"

George was bewildered and transported—he had been awakened from a pleasant dream to a bright reality—Matters were soon explained, and the warm hearted Judge, after blessing them both, promised to see them married before he started for Washington.

Speak Easy, Father.

Charles ran to his father, who was busily employed in a vexatious piece of work, and without thinking of the pressure on his father's mind, asked him what he was doing. The father thought for a moment, and then replied, "No matter; go away my son!" Charles recoiled from the excited parent, and with faltering accents, said, "speak easy, father," and left his father with a tear in his eye.

How often is this rebuke needed in the domestic circle, where emphatically, "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

Not unrequently are parents mortified and sorrowful because passionate words and deeds are displayed by children, and even in maturer life, bring them to the disgrace of the public criminal, when this development of depravity was only the fruit of the seeds sown in young hearts by "grievous words."

"Speak easy, father," and mother also, and children too; for your tones of voice shall blend with the music of a satisfied soul, or the discord of a heart unstrung forever.

Kind Acts.

A kind word or act is never spoken or performed in vain. Good deeds never die; they have an immortal existence, and their effects may fall in the symphonies of heaven, were all goodness its ultimate reward. An encouraging word, spoken in kindness, has often revived hope in desponding breasts, and incited to new exertions and conquests. A feeling expression of sympathy has often been lifted up to the bowed head and dried the falling tear, when nothing else could have reached the afflicted heart. Despair has been driven from many a mind embroiled in darkness, doubt and gloom, and the light of hope given new charms to life where all had been rayless before, simply by a word of kindness, spoken in season—Never let an opportunity of speaking kindly pass unimproved.

A wood sawyer becoming vexed with his saw said: "Of all the saws I ever saw, saw I never a saw saw as this saw saws."

An A. writer says, a lady's beau is an animal met with in every social circle, and describes the thing as a compound of whiskers, lavender and pomatum.

A California lover writes to his sweetheart thus: "Leven years is rather long to kort a gal, but ilc hev yew yet Cate."

Stick to your Business.

There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and much of the discontent and disappointment that render life unprofitable. It is a very common thing for a man to become dissatisfied with his business, and to desire to change it for some other, and which seems to him will prove a more lucrative employment.

Look about you, and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verifications of our assertions. Here is a young man who commences life as a mechanic, but from some cause imagines he ought to have been a doctor; and, after a hasty and shallow preparation, has taken up the saddle-bags only to find that work is still work, and that his patients are no more profitable than his work-bench, and the occupation not a whit more agreeable.

Here are two young men clerks; one of them is content, when his first term of service is over, to continue a clerk until he shall have saved enough to commence business on his own account; the other cannot wait, but starts without capital, and with a limited experience, and brings up, after a few years, in a court of insolvency, while his former comrade, by patient perseverance, comes out at last with a fortune.

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Young men stick to your business—It may be you have mistaken your calling. If so, find it out as quick as possible and change it; but don't let any unwise desire to get along fast, or a dislike of your honest calling lead you to abandon it. Have some honest calling, and then stick to it; if you are seeking type, stick at them; if you are selling oysters, keep on selling them; if you are at law, hold fast to that profession, pursue the business you have chosen persistently, industriously and hopefully, and if there is anything of you, it will appear and turn to account in that way or better than in any other calling, only if you are a loafer, forsake that line of life as quickly as possible, for the longer you stick to it the worse it will "stick" to you.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

A Yankee Outdone.

There is a pleasant little tale about Sir Allen McNab. He was once traveling by steamer, and, as luck would have it, was obliged to occupy a state room with a certain full blooded Yankee. Both gentlemen arose early in the morning; and Sir Allen was dressing, when he was astonished to behold his inquisitive comrade, in a very respectful manner, placed five thousand dollars in the bank at your disposal; you can use the sum as you think proper, or let it on interest, and take charge of my office at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; in either case you must leave my house for the present time. What do you say to my proposals?"

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The Drunkard's Death.

What a spectacle is this! What a lesson does it teach! The destruction of man's corporeal frame is not pleasant under any circumstances. The taking down of his "clay tabernacle," even when he hopes to enter a "building not made with hands," in the upper skies, has something melancholy in it. But when we see a mortal stretched upon his dying couch, whose life has been spent in debauchery and revelry, what is there connected with him or his, either past or present, or future, that does not present the most horrible and forbidding aspect? Life's gains—property wasted, character blasted—wife and children

begged—there he lies, a mass of straw, with parched lips, bloated countenance, and blood-shot eyes, the very personification of ruin. Tossing upon his hard and comfortless couch, panting for breath, and calling for help, but all in vain. Death marks him for his victim; and now, if for a while he is relieved from frightful ghosts and demons which hitherto haunted his disordered imagination, conscience, the sleepless monitor, with redoubled vigor, assails his still conscious soul, and brings up before him every act of his worthless life, to blast all hope, to plunge him in deeper agony, and to hurry his affrighted spirit into the presence of his God. How loudly and bitterly does he complain of himself, of life, of friends, of God.

He prays, but it is the angry imprecation of a doomed spirit, demanding of his maker a speedier discharge. The wild glare of his sunken eyes, his restless tossing, his racking hiccough, and his deep hollow groans, tell us how hard it is for a drunkard to die. The very presence of once-loved wife and children, kinde in his bosom in advance, the very fires of hell. The soothing voice of mercy and the plaintive prayer of the man of God kneeling by his bedside, but add fuel to the already raging flame.

He calls for water; water! water! now, or he takes up his habitation where "one drop" will not be allowed him; but, ah! the cool draught only adds force to the devouring fire. Friends gather around to take a last farewell, and his tremulous hand is extended to bid them adieu; thoughts of the past and of the future send their withering arrows, barbed with the poison of death, to his bursting heart; and with one strong agonizing struggle, his ruined soul staggers into the spirit-land to receive its sentence. Pity, compassion, humanity, would tell the veil drop here, and cover up till the great assize the doom of the deluded, misguided wretch; but Divine truth has said, "All drunkards shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."—*Spirit of the Age.*

Tough It Through.

It would be well if this spirit were more common among all classes, old and young. Here is a schoolboy with a hard lesson; don't be discouraged little fellow, "tough it through." Here is a young clerk in a store, he has to rise early, wait and tend all day, and be a servant to the whole establishment, never mind, "tough it through." Be faithful and diligent, and you will soon be in better circumstances, and have some one to open shop and wait on you. The mechanic often gets hold of a hard job, which he has half a mind to throw up. But take good advice, and "tough it through," and do it thoroughly and faithfully, it will be no loss to you in the end. A man in business often gets into a spot from which he can see no light—no land ahead—and he is just ready to give up in despondency and despair. But we advise him to try and "tough it through." Light will appear when you least expect it; if faithful and honest, and persevering, you will finally escape the billows and reach the land.

A tall, green sort of a well dressed fellow, walked into a Broadway saloon the other day, where they were talking politics upon a high key, and stretching himself up to his full height exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"Where are the Democrats? Show me a Democrat, and I'll show you a liar!" In an instant a man stood before the noisy inquirer, in a warlike attitude, and exclaimed:

"I am a Democrat, sir!"
"You are?"
"Yes, sir, I am!"
"Well, just you step round the corner with me, and I'll show you a fellow who said I couldn't find a Democrat in the ward! Ain't he a liar, I should like to know?"

"The other day a young lady asked a green (?) young clerk of a dry goods store if he had hose."

"Yes, some pretty green hose," I mean stockings for ladies."

"Ah," said the counter hoper, "yes ma'am here they are—very fine."

"What's the price?"
"Seventy five cents."

"Rather high."

"Yes," said the clerk, "they reach above the knees."

The maiden vanished and the reporter took out the Balaam book.

A clergyman lecturing one afternoon to his female parishioners, said: "Be not proud that our Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the news might spread the sooner."

Gone to Dinner.

"Gone to dinner. Back in fifteen minutes." That notice stands at your office door.

My goblin friend, eating is not a process whose operations and results are wholly confined within the stomach as flesh is put to seethe or soak within an tub, and brain and nerves—upon mind and soul. Fifteen minutes! Fifteen minutes is enough to eat one cracker and to drink a glass of water; and see the mass of victuals that you are pitch-forking into your countenance, as if you thought a harpy was watching to snatch it from you.

How dare you bolt those chunks of meat, all soaked with "gravy," "butter," "greasy, sordid pie, and hot cakes, and hissing mud colored coffee, and then while your miserable, overworked old stomach is calling for all the disposable nervous energy of your system to help it drudge into its tyrant's task, jump headlong back into your dark, close counting room and demand that same nervous energy from the same source to absorb exertions of mauling money?"

Well, poor fellow, it's of no use to scold at you, after all. Pity is much more appropriate to your sad case. Who would be such a juiceless, dirty-complexioned, dried up hulk for all your money, or all everybody's else!

It is but a maimed soul and a deformed body that you have acquired under such regimen. And when your old, cracked, shaly constitution quite breaks up, and you die prematurely—wretched man, who knows what miserable fate you will have incurred by your years of sit-still, money-grubbing, and this intensified course of mad aggressions, with uncheered meat chunks, hot grease and drink all ablaze?

Things I Should Like to See.

A fashionable boot maker who was not "from Paris."

A gentleman who was not a self-constituted inspector of ladies' bonnet linings.

A business man, how great soever his hurry, who would not stop to watch feminine angles climb out of omnibuses.

A man who could hold an umbrella properly over a lady's bonnet, or put on her cloak or shawl without crushing her bonnet or hair; or be good natured when he was sick, or had cut his chin when shaving, or had to wait ten minutes for his dinner or breakfast, or who was ever "refused" by a lady.

A bachelor whose carpet did not wear out in front of the looking-glass.

An author who did not feel nervous at the idea of examining trunk linings and parcel wrappers.

A handsome child who did not grow up to be homely.

A woman who was not at heart inimical to her own sex.

A married man who could not give the right hand of fellowship to a wife's old lover; or take a hint from the toe of her slipper, under the table, before company.

A milliner who could be bribed to make a bonnet to cover the head.

A husband's relatives who could speak well of his wife.

A doctor who had not more patients than he could attend to.

A school teacher whose interest in his pupils was not graduated by the standard of their parents or the length of their purse.

A washerwoman who ever lost an article of clothing.

An old maid who was not so from choice.

AN INDIANA STRAW.—A country Democrat lately riding on the cars in Indiana, determined to test the fashion reports, took the vote on the train himself. He hurried through the cars with paper and pencil asking this one and that for whom they voted, some said Buchanan, some said Fremont and some said Fillmore. At last he came to a white cravatted, black coated, demure looking individual.

"My friend," answered the saintly personage, "I go for Jesus Christ."

The Democrat looked over his paper, "Sir," said he, "there is no such candidate running. If there is, I will bet you a hundred dollars he don't get fifty votes in Indiana!"

A lady, a disbeliever in the science, asked a learned phrenologist, with a view of puzzling him:

"What kind of people are those who have destructiveness and benevolence equally developed?"

"These, madam, are those who kill with kindness."

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know—for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

—Post.

The death of a printer is thus described in an English paper:

"George Woodcock, the * of his profession, the * of honesty, the * of all; and although the * of death has put a * to his existence, every * of his life was without a *."

Charity.

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew-drops hung upon its bosom, and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it swung to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then came the ardent sun god, sweeping from the East, and smote the young rose with its scorching rays, and it faintly faded, deserted and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in its loveliness and despair. Now the gentle breeze, which had been gambling over the sea, pushing on the home-bound bark, sweeping over hill and dale, by the next cottage and still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease, and frisking the curls of innocent childhood, came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its head in cool refreshing showers, and the young rose revived, and looked and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured upon her wings by the grateful rose; and the kind breeze was glad in heart, and went away singing through the trees. Thus charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its office of kindness which steals on the heart like a rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

Trusting to Providence.

John Phoenix, of the California Pioneer, is a T. C. He gets up some of the best things of the day. Here is one of his last efforts:

"Down in the old plantation," writes an esteemed friend, "a planter and his favorite slave Zip stood upon the piazza of the Mansion House, gazing at the weather. A furious storm of rain was raging, accompanied by thunder and lightning."

"Massa," said Zip, "hadn't I better go and drive in de cattle?"

"Oh, no, they'll do well enough; the storm will soon be over, and a little rain won't hurt them, any way."

"But, Massa, dese fine horses under de dress; too bad to lead dem out in de rain. I go drive dem in."

"You need not trouble yourself, Zip; they are all right; we'll trust them to Providence. But you'd better come out of the rain yourself."

So saying, his master turned and went into the house. Zip, protesting against such a trustee, and extremely anxious for the fate of the horses, followed his example; but as soon as the storm was over, he took a stroll over the farm, to estimate the extent of the damages; and there directly under the trees, where they had been standing, he found both the horses dead; they had been struck by lightning. Half in triumph, half in doubt, he ran to the house, and exclaimed:

"Dare, Massa, what I tell you?"

"What's the matter, Zip?"

"Didn't I tell you so?"

"Yes, but what's the matter?"

"Dare's both de horses dead as stones—struck by lightning! You trust to Providence! You'd better a trusted old Zip!"

It is confidently asserted that a poor young man has but two alternatives, either to go to work or go to ruin; great number choose the latter. It is a singular choice; but those who make it may be seen any fine day lounging in squads about the corners of the streets, with stumps of cigars in their mouths, or with tumblers of villainous spirits in their hands.

There was a point in the quaint remark of a plain farmer to a somewhat transcendental preacher:

"Take care, sir, lest you should put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs cannot reach it!"

Without sorrow, life would be no better than a dream; grief is a reality, and though bitter as wormwood, mortals love it, for it makes them feel themselves, and know the value of each other.